

PS 3543

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1897

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MORS MORTIS.

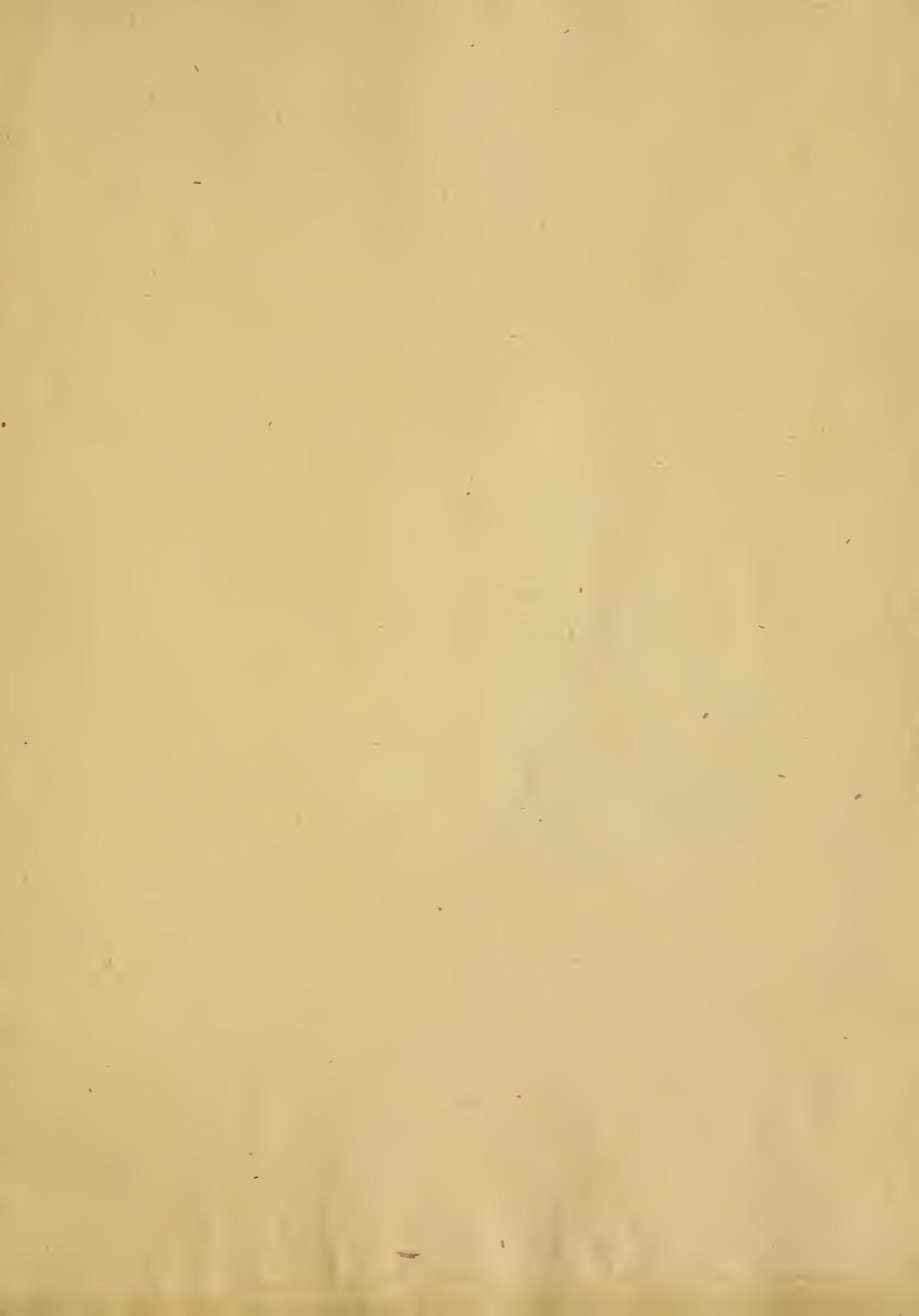
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MORS MORTIS.

By Mrs. Harriette Van Albee.

23



FROM MORN

PS 3543
M6
AA3 1897

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35
MORS MORTIS.

HLL THE SKYE WAS HUNG
WITH GLOOME:
DARKLING LAY THE FIELDS
AROUND,
IN A SHROW'D OF SILENCE
BOUND.
SUDDEN BROKE THE EAST IN BLOOME,
DRAPERIE OF CLOWD WAS DRAWNE,
LO, THE DAWN!

ALL the Lande was lapt in white:
Euerie beating Pulse was still'd,
Into Ley Nummesse chill'd.
Then a Throb of secret Might
Brought new Life one golden Morne,
Spring was borne!

ALL the Bodie ach'd with Paine:
Not a moment did it knowe
Sweete surcease from searching Moe,
Balme to Hart, nor Rest to Braine.
Then there came Refreshment deepe,
Welcome Sleepe!

ALL the World was dull and grey:
Darke and cold and bitter, Life;
Howres of Stupour, Howres of Strife,
Wearie Day succeeding Day.
Then Thy Self for all suffic'd,
IESUS Christ.

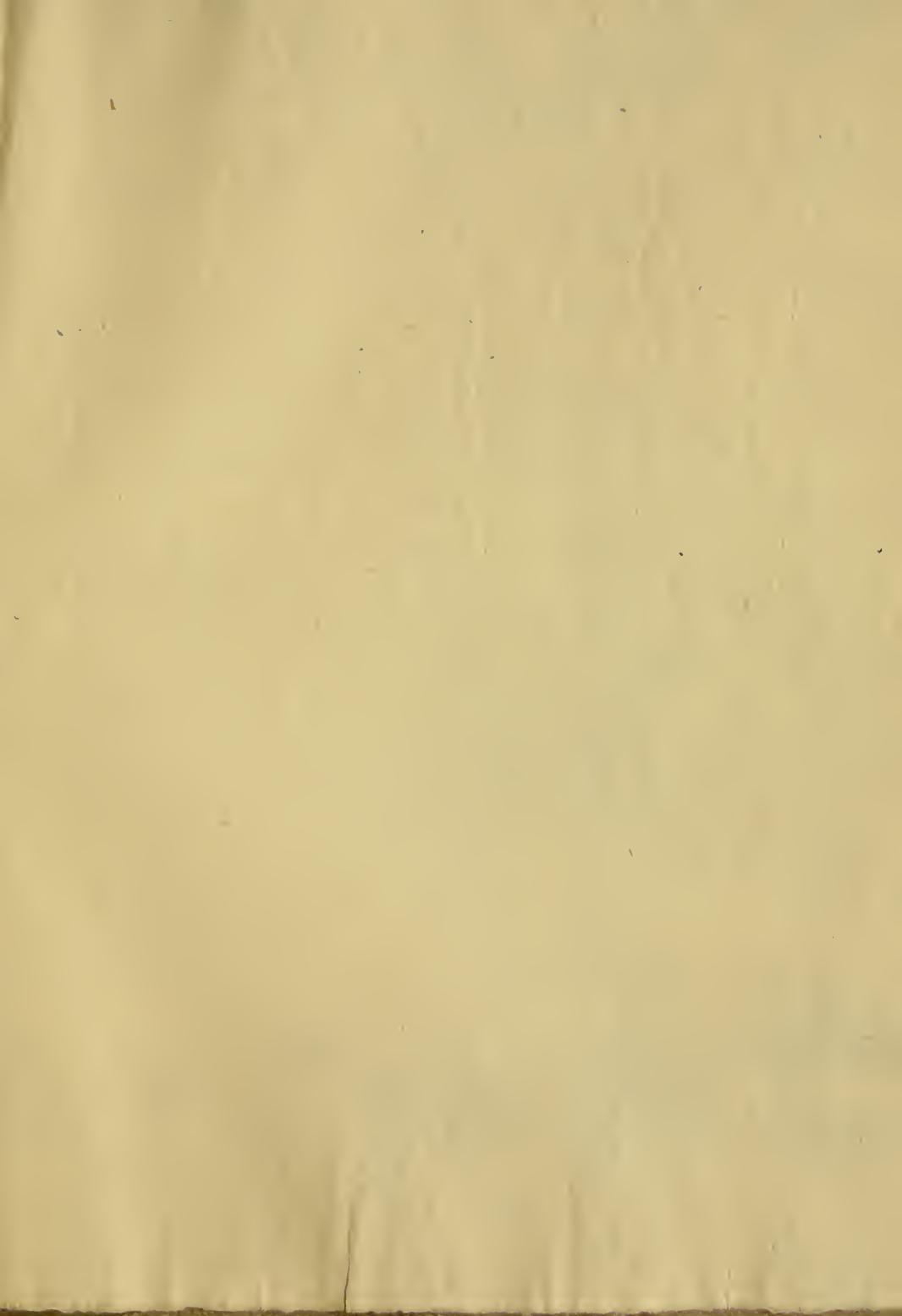
LORDE, our fast hath brought Thy feast!
Thou art risen from the Dead,
Euen as Thyself hadst said,
Conqu'ring King, Revealer, Priest!
And wee share Thy Life alway,
Easter Day.

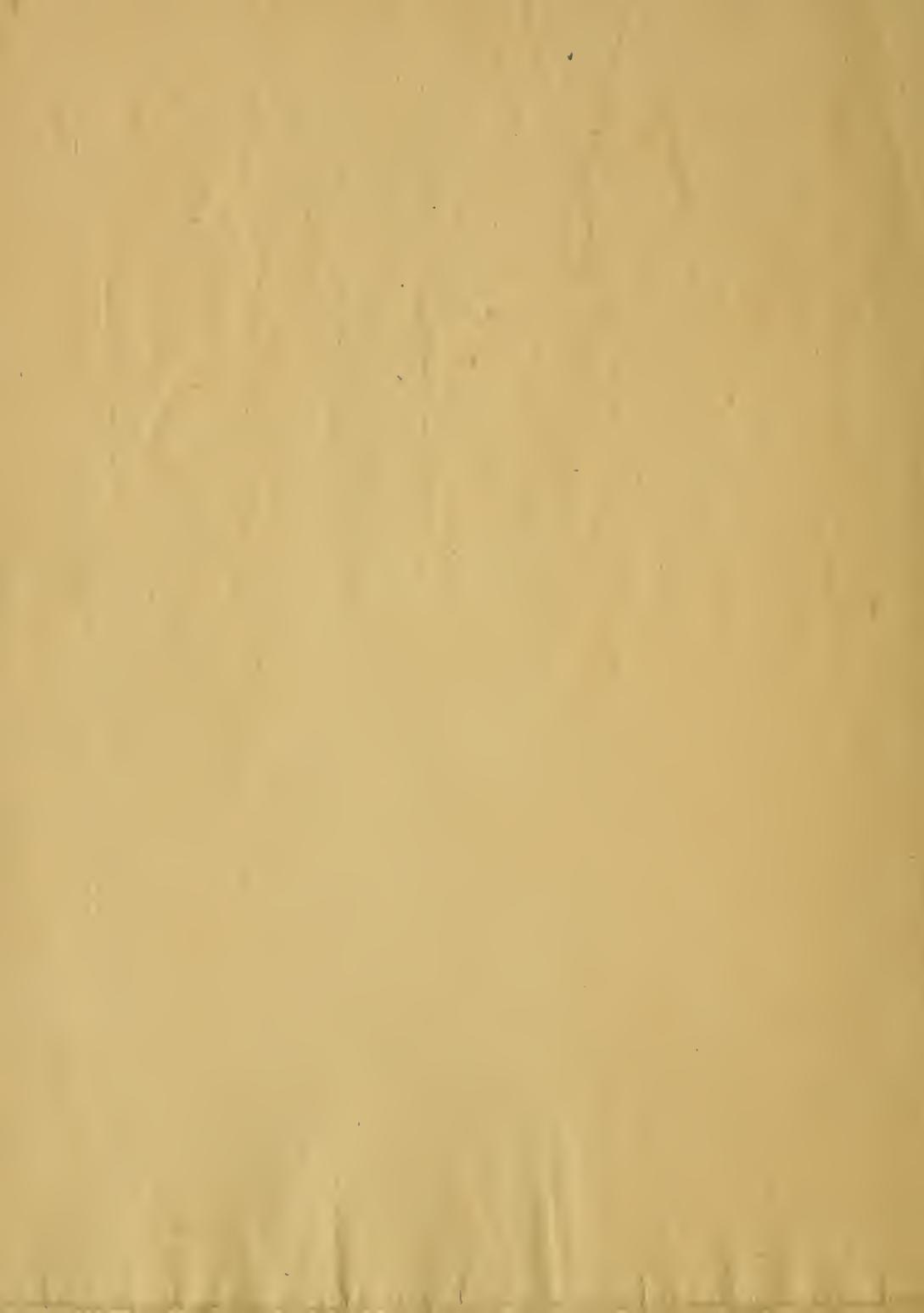
FOR Thou giuest to Thine Owne
Bread of Heauen, Royall Wine,
Consecrate by Pow'r Divine
At Thy holy Altar-Throne.
Whoso feedeth worthily
Shal not dye.

FORDE and GOD, wee worship Thee,
Mighty Sole-Begotten One,
Sonne of GOD yet Marie's Sonne!
Thou That reignest from the Tree,
Graunt to us Thy face to see,
And Thy Presence to adore
Euermore!

HIS Paschall Hymne Of THE
DEATH OF DEATH, made by
Wm. Harman uan Allen, Priest,
& imprinted by francis Watts
Lee, Gent:, at Boston in Massa-
chusetts, is finisht on the xxii.
day of Aprill in the Yeare of Our LORDE mde-
cclxxxxvii, and beares to their friends all louing
Easter Salutations in CHRIST IESUS.









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